Opera. H.1033
K.H.b.20 13

THE SONGS IN THE Indian QUEEN:

As it is now Compos'd into an

OPERA.

By Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*,
Compoſer in Ordinary to his Majeſty.
And one of the Organiſts of his Majeſty's Chapel-Royal.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*; and are to be Sold by *John May*, at his Shop under St. *Dunſtan's* Church: And for *John Hudgbutt* at *Tho. Dring's*, Bookſeller, at the *Harrow* at *Clifford's-lane-end* in *Fleetſtreet*. 1695.

The Publiſhers, to Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

SIR,

HAving had the good Fortune to meet with the Score or Original Draught of your Incomparable Eſſay of Muſick compos'd for the Play, call'd The Indian Queen. It ſoon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that ſo rich a Treaſure ſhould any longer lie bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Common-wealth of Muſick ſhould be depriv'd of ſo conſiderable a Benefit. Indeed we well knew your innate Modeſty to be ſuch, as not to be eaſily prevail'd upon to ſet forth any thing in Print, much leſs to Patronize your own Works, although in ſome reſpects Inimitable. But in regard that (the Preſs being now open) any one might print an imperfect Copy of theſe admirable Songs, or publiſh them in the nature of a Common Ballad, We were ſo much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Deſign; not doubting but your accuſtomed Candor and Generoſity will induce you to pardon this Preſumption: As for our parts, if you ſhall think fit to condeſcend ſo far, we ſhall always endeavour to approve our ſelves,

Your Obedient Servants,

J. May,
J. Hudgebutt.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A Song in the first Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

W Ake,

wake, wake Qui—

—ve—ra, wake, our ſoft — — — — reſt muſt

ceaſe; wake, wake,

wake, Qui—ve—ra, wake, — our

ſoft — — — — reſt muſt ceaſe, and fly — — — to — gether,

Turn over.

and fly —— to—ge—ther

with our Country's peace; no

more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no, —— no

more muſt we ſleep, muſt we ſleep under Plan--——tain ſhade, which neither

Heat could peirce, nor Cold in-vade; where bount'ous Nature never, never, never,

never, never, never feels de--cay, and op'——ning Buds, and op'——ning

Buds drive ——— fall ——————————— ing Fruits a--way.

A Song in the firſt Act, Sung by the Boy with *Flutes.*

WHY,

why, why ſhou'd men quarrel, why, why ſhou'd men quarrel here, where all,

all, all, where all ——————— poſ--ſeſs as much as they can hope for

by ſuc——ceſs; none, none can have moſt, none can have moſt, where

Nature is ſo kind, as to ex-ceed, as to ex-cee——————

-d Man's u[illegible] tho' not his Mind; why, why,

why ſhou'd Men quarrel, why, why ſhou'd Men quarrel here, where all, all,

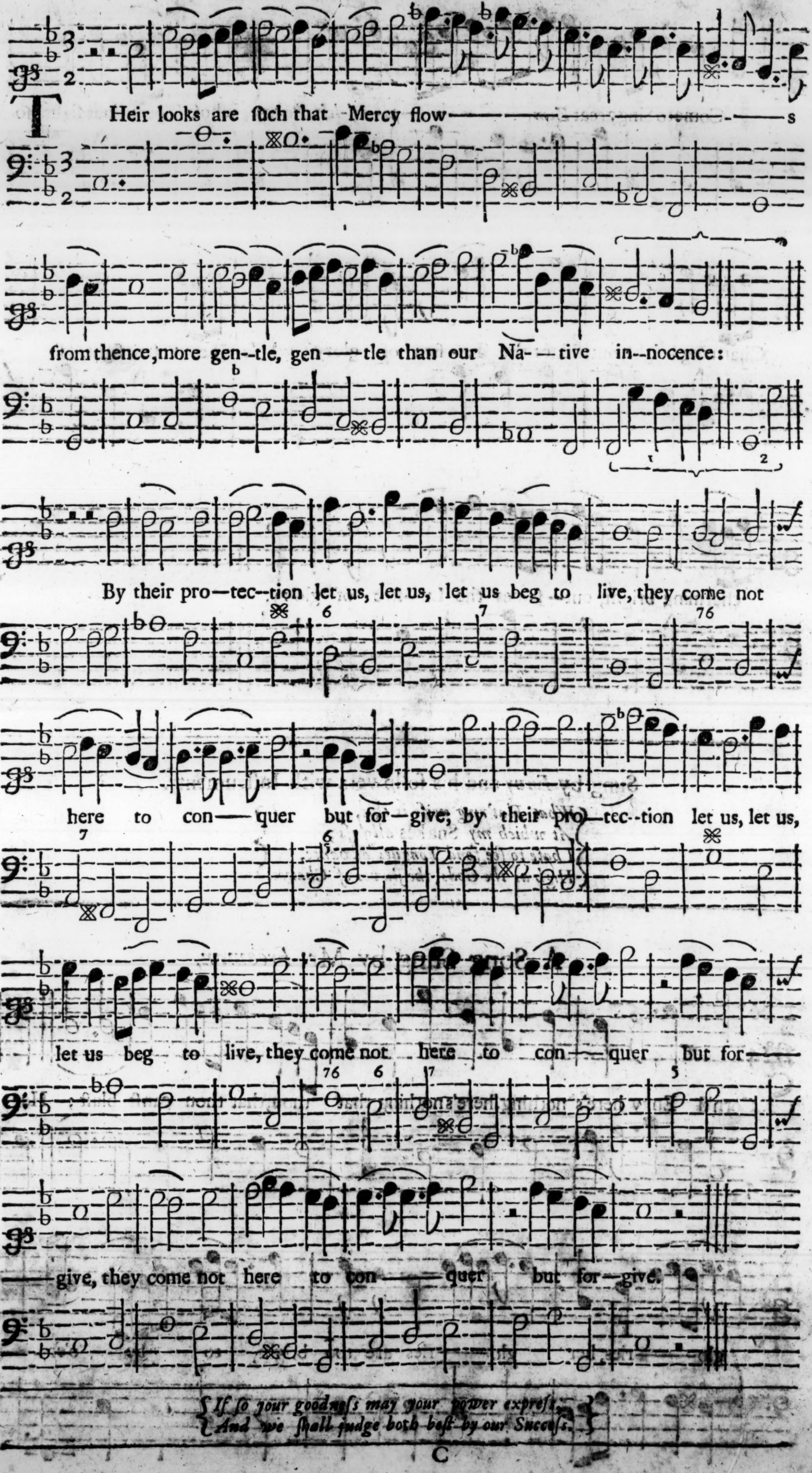
all, where all —— poſ--ſeſs as much as they can hope for

by ſuc-ceſs, as much as they can hope for by ſuc —— ceſs,

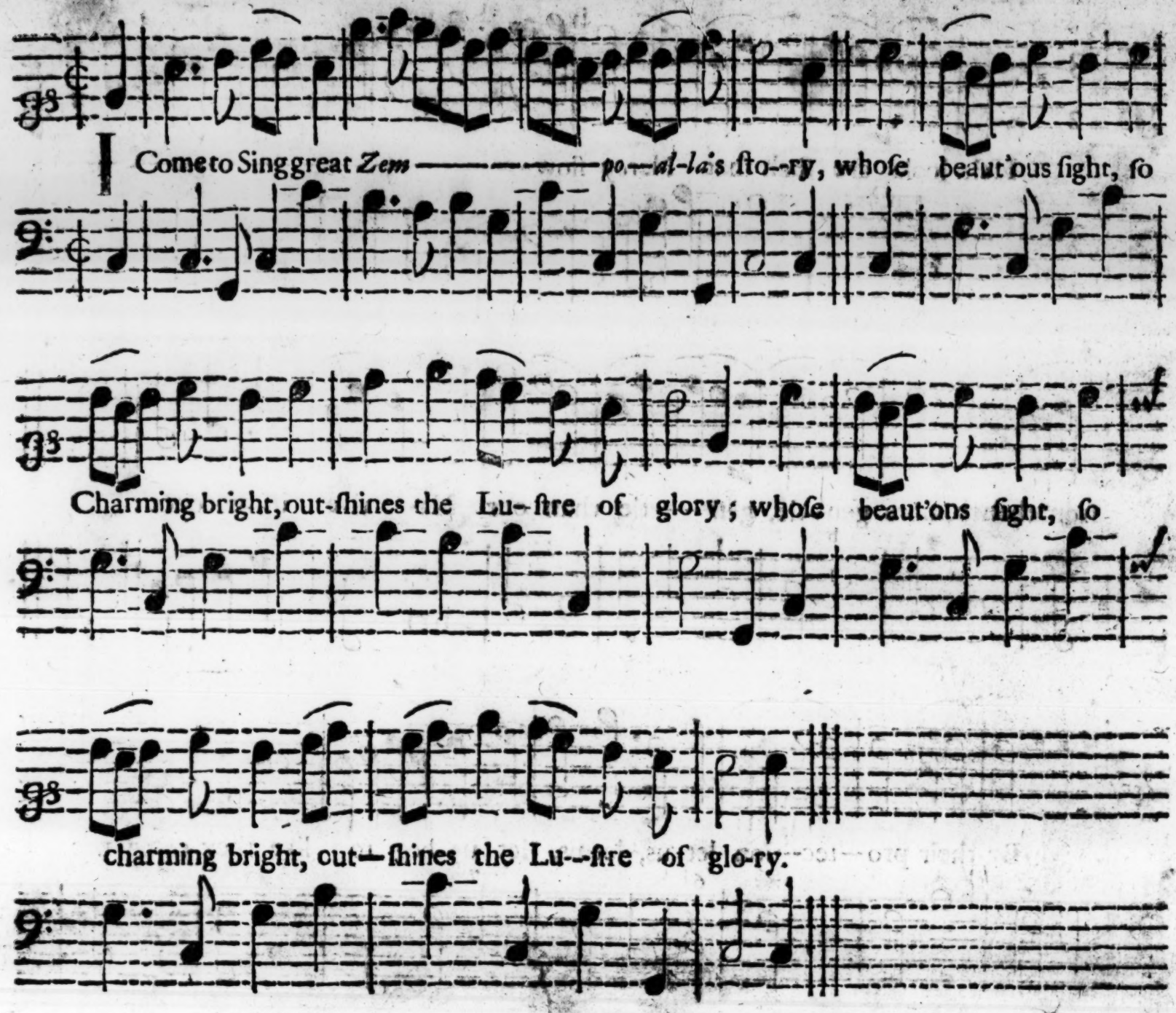
as much as they can hope, as much as they can hope for by ſuc — ceſs.

By antient Prophecyes we have been told,
Our Land ſhall be ſubdu'd by one more old,
And ſee that world's already hither come,
If theſe be they, we welcome then our doom.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.



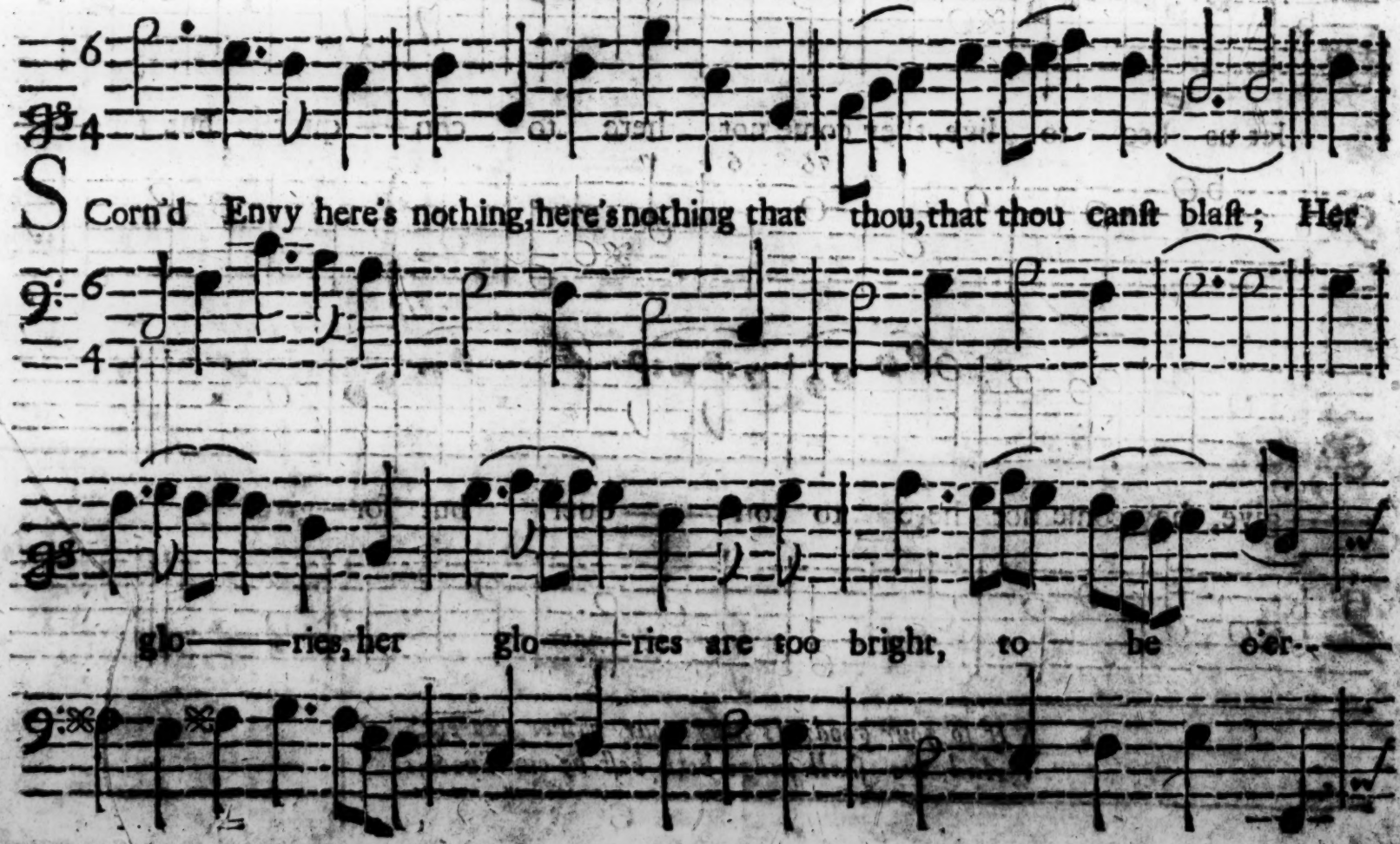
A Song in the Second Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

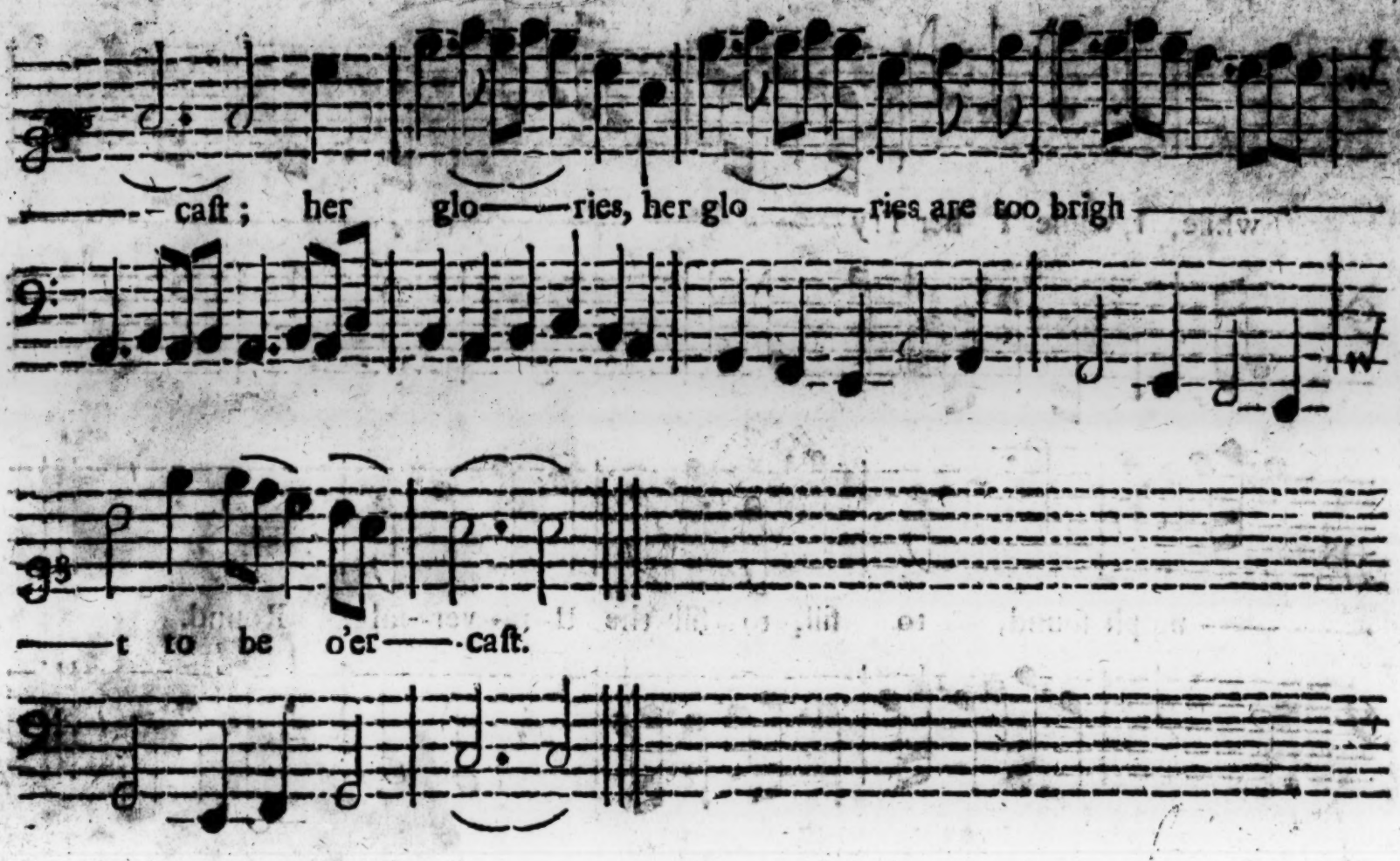


Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

What Flat'ring noiſe is this,
At which my Snakes *all hiſs;*
I hate to ſee fond Tongues advance,
High as the Gods, the ſlaves of Chance.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



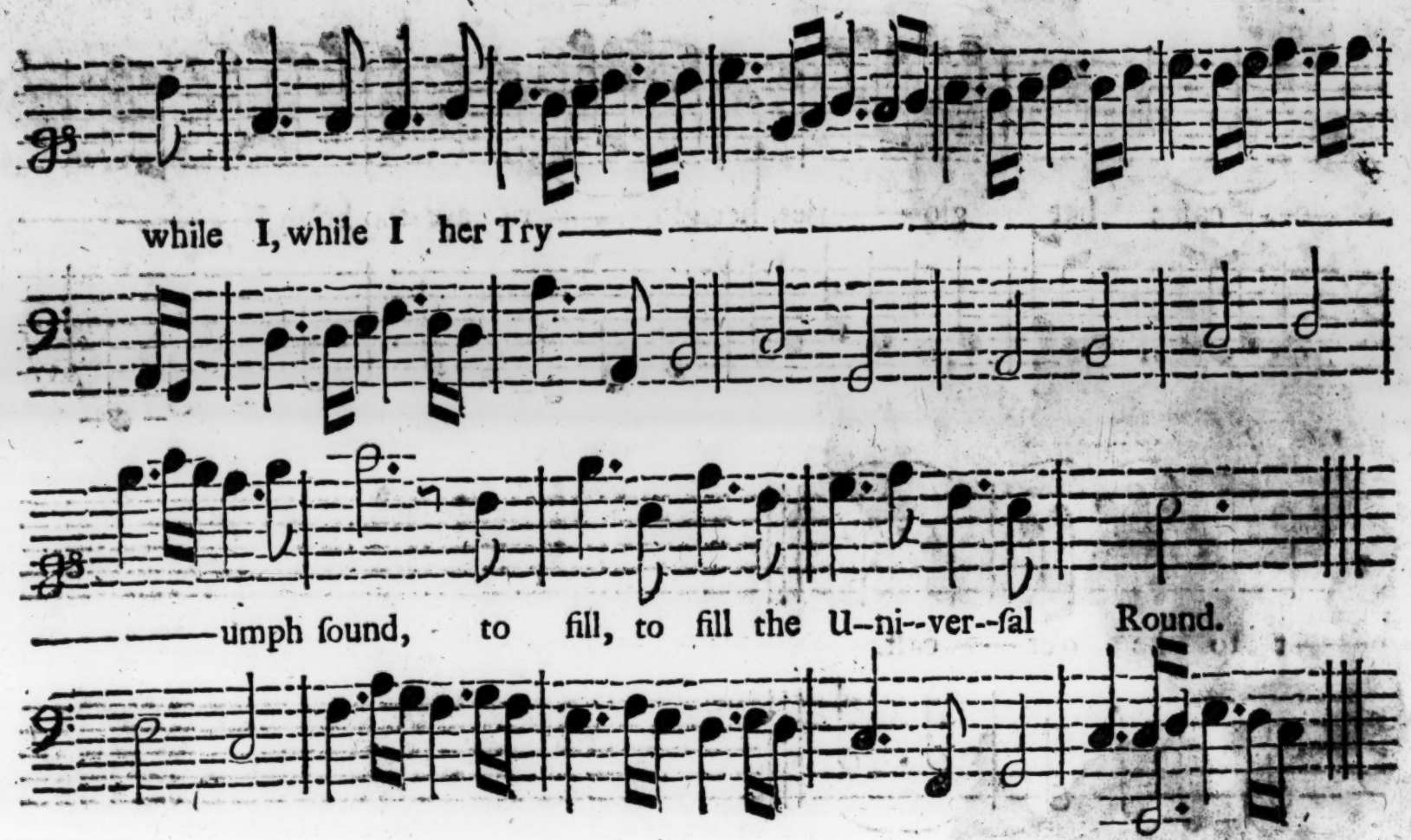


Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

I fly from the place where Flaterry reigns,
See thoſe mighty things that before,
Such ſlaves like Gods did adore,
Contemn'd and unpitty'd in Chains.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

Turn over.



Sung by a Conjurer.

YOu twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily Sacrifice;
Ye Powr's that dwell with Fates below,
And ſee what Men are doom'd to doe;
Where Elements in Diſcord dwell,
Thou God of Sleep, ariſe, and tell,
Great Zempoalla *what ſtrange Fate,*
Muſt on her *diſmall Viſion wait.*

The Conjurer's Charm.

BY the Croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that make abode;
Earthy Dun *that pants for breath,*
With her ſwell'd ſides full of death;
By the Creſted Adder's *Pride,*
That along the Cliffs do glide;
By the Viſage fierce and black,
By the death's Head on thy back;
By the twiſted Serpents *plac'd,*
For a Girdle round thy Waſte;
By the Hearts *of Gold that deck,*
Thy Breaſt, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
From thy ſleeping Manſion riſe,
And open thy unwilling Eyes;
While bubling Springs their Muſick keep,
That uſe to lull thee in thy ſleep.

Sung by the God of Dreams.

SEek not to know, what muſt not be reveal'd,
Joys only flow where Fate is moſt conceal'd;
Too buſy Man would find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortune He ſhou'd know before;
For by that knowledge of his Deſtiny,
He wou'd not live at all, but always dye;
Enquire not then who ſhall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis ſhall wear a Crown, and who ſhall bleed;
All muſt ſubmit to their appointed doom,
Fate and Misfortunes will too quickly come;
Let me no more with powerfull Charms be preſt,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the reſt.

A Song in the Third Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman*, and Mr. *Church*.

A H! — ah! — how hap-py are we, are we, are

Ah! — ah! — ah! how hap--py are we, are we,

we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane paſſions, from humane

are we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane

paſſions free:

paſſions free:

ah! ah! ah! ah! how hap--py are

ah! — ah! — ah! — how hap--py are

D

we, thoſe wil

we, thoſe wil

——d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never, never, no never, never, no never,

——d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never, never, no never,

never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah! ——

never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah! —— ah! ——

ah! how hap--py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

ah! how hap--py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we pit—ty, we

happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the

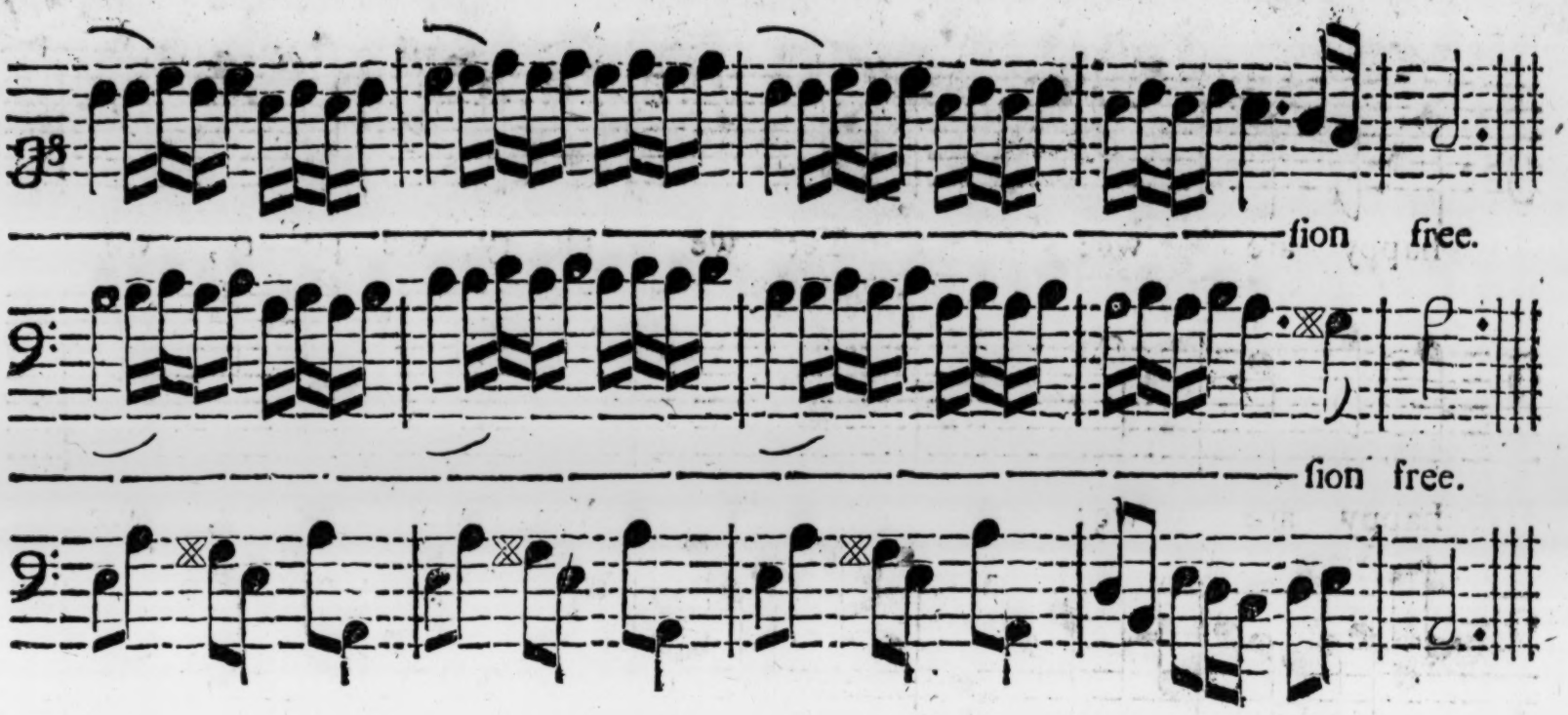
Love con——trouls; ah! ah! how

Tyrant Love con——trouls; ah! ah! ah! how

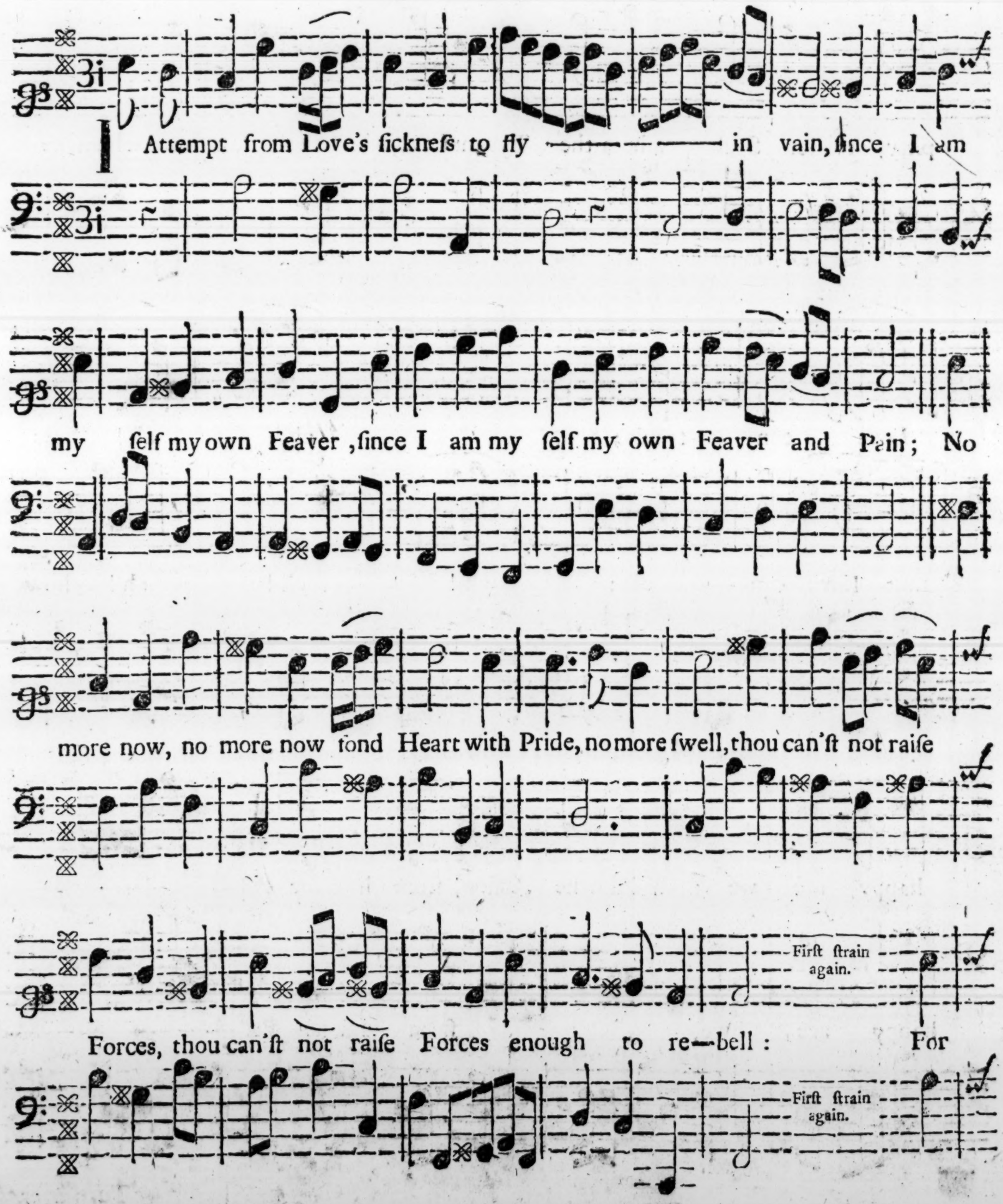
happy are we from humane Paſſion, from humane Paſ——

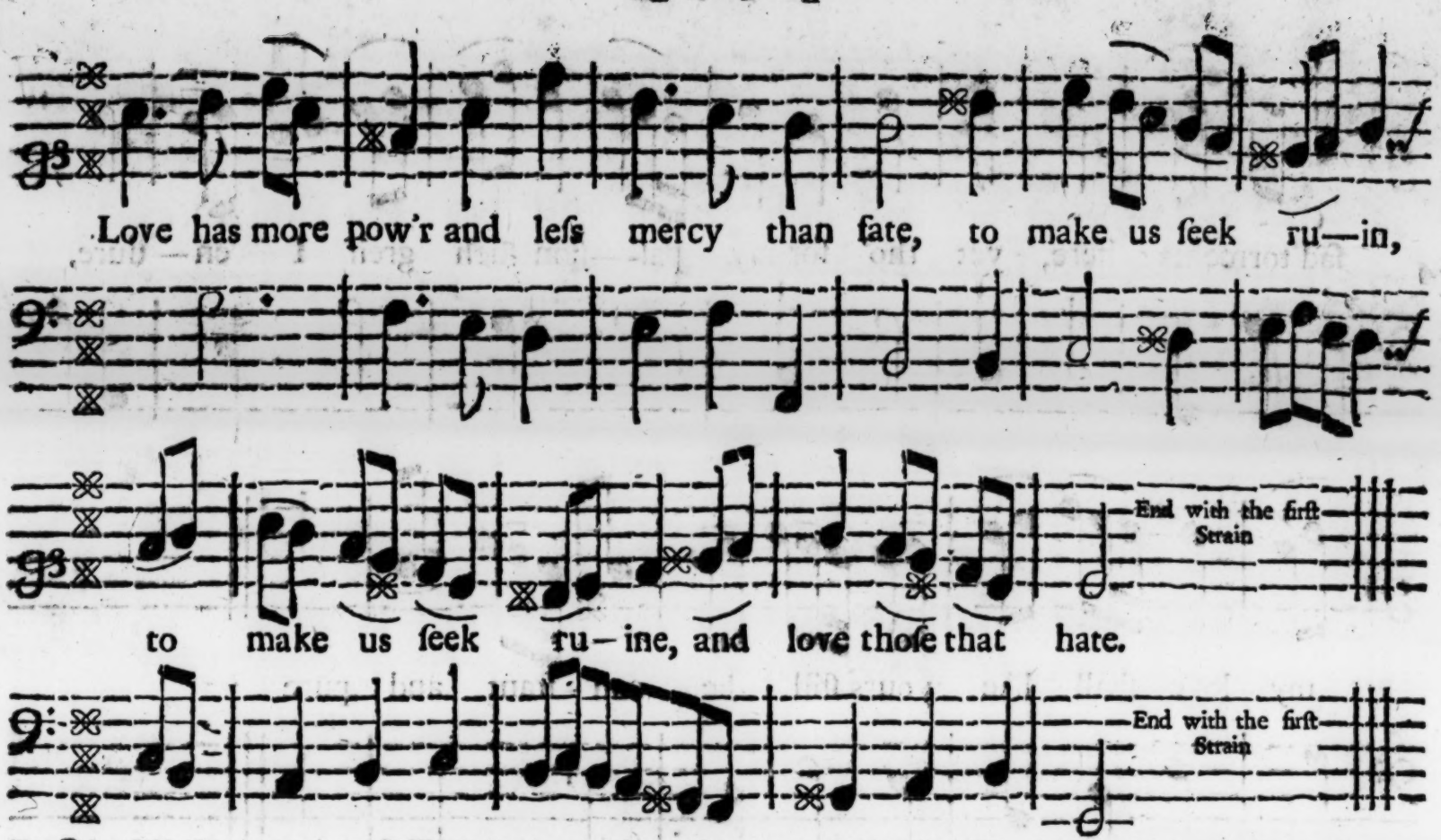
happy are we, from humane Paſ——

Turn over.



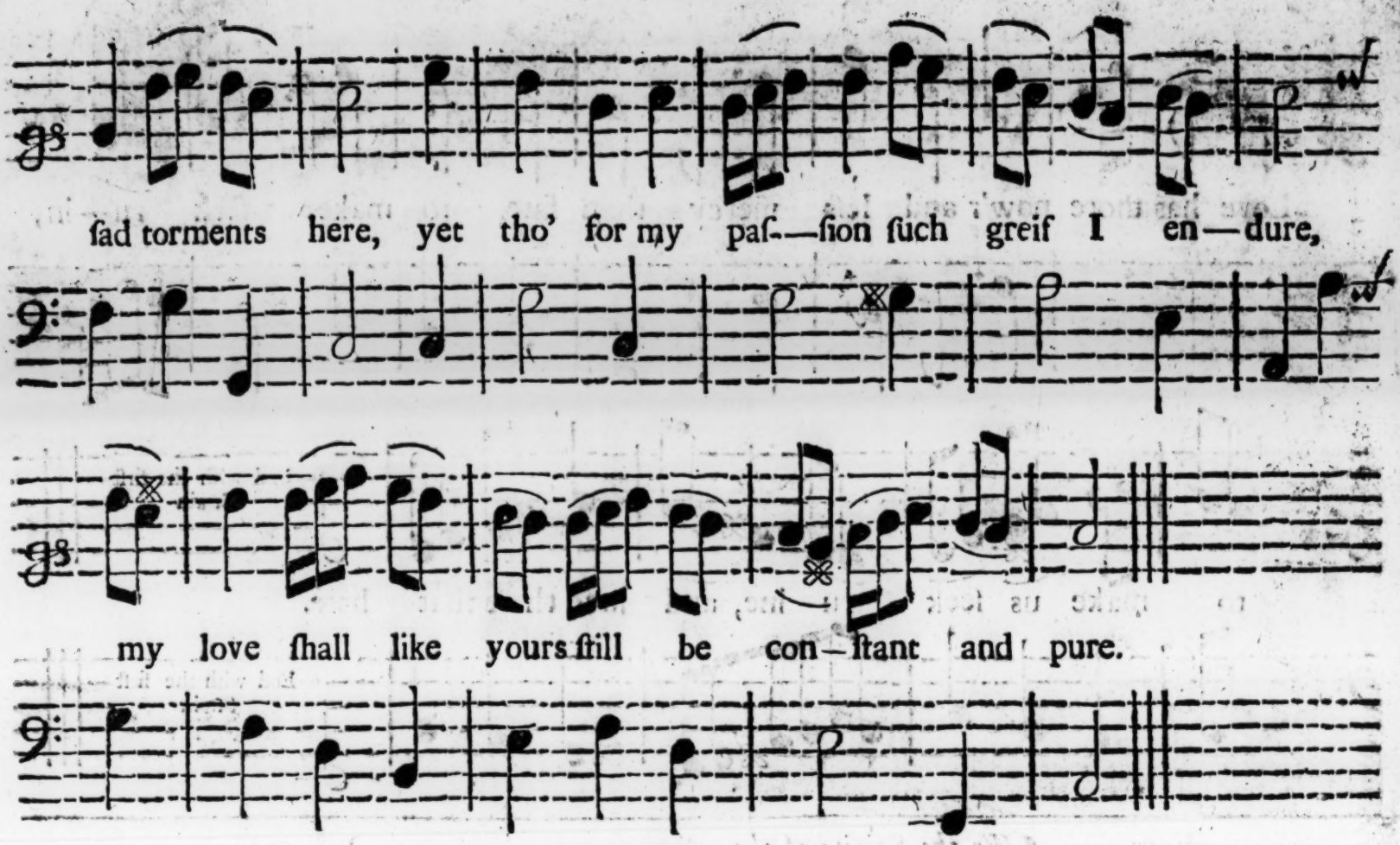
A Song Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*





Vers. *We the Spirits of the Air,*
Then Cho. *That of Humane Things take Care,*
Out of Pity now deſcend,
To forewarn what Woes attend;
Vers. *Greatneſs clogg'd with Scorn decays,*
With the Slave no Empire ſtay's,
Cho. We the Spirits *&c.*
Vers. *Ceaſe to languiſh then in vain,*
Since never to be lov'd again.
Cho. We the Spirits, *&c.*

A Song in the Fourth Act, Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*



II.

To ſuffer for him gives an eaſe to my pains,
There's joy in my grief, and there's freedom in Chains.
If I were divine he cou'd love me no more,
And I in return my adorer adore ;
Oh ! let his dear life then (kind Gods) be your care,
For I in your bleſſings have no other ſhare.

A Sacrifice, Sung by the Chief Prieſt.

While thus we bow before your Shrine,
That you may hear great Powers Divine,
All living things ſhall in your Praiſes joyne ;
You who at the Altars ſtand,
Waiting for the Dread command,
The fatal Word ſhall ſoon be hear'd,
Anſwer then is all prepar'd,

Chorus. ——————————All's prepar'd.

Prieſt. *Let all unhallow'd Souls be gone,*
Before our Sacred Rites come on,
Take care that this be alſo done,

Chorus. ——————————All is done.

Prieſt. *Now in proceſſion walk along,*
And then begin your ſolemn Song.

Chorus. All diſmal ſounds thus on this Offering wait,
Your power's ſhown by their untimely Fate ;
While by ſuch various Fate's we learn to know,
There's nothing to be truſted here below.

F I N I S.

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